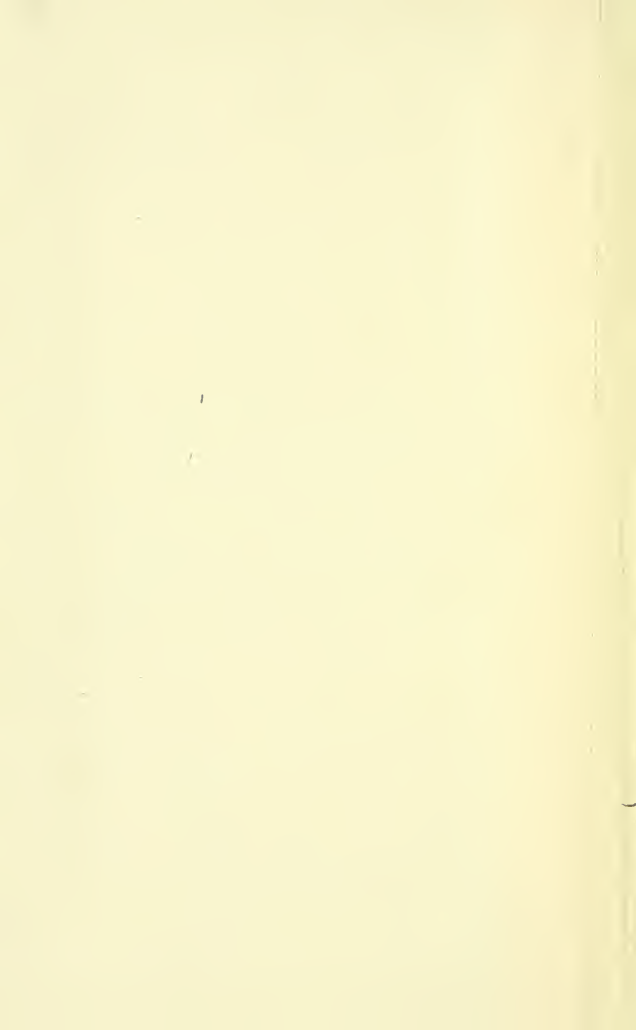


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THE
COLOR-BEARER:

FRANCIS A. CLARY.



PUBLISHED BY THE
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THE COLOR-BEARER.

CHAPTER I.

EARLIEST YEARS.

FRANCIS AMSDEN CLARY, son of Deacon John Clary, was born at Conway, Mass., Aug. 19, 1836.

His mother died when he was but two weeks old, leaving the request that her babe should be "trained up for God," that he should become "a preacher and a missionary to China." Truth-loving and conscientious, he grew up under the influence of a quiet country life, beautiful scenery, and a religious home; and so situated, it does not seem strange that he early understood and accepted the responsibilities of a Christian.

At the age of twelve, it seemed to himself and to others that he had yielded heart and life to the control of the Holy Spirit, and he

became at that time a member of the church in his native village.

When the disclosure of his mother's consecration was made to him, the fervor of religious impulse seemed deepened within him, and his earnestness increased, to become worthy of such a mother and such a consecration.

He adopted that wish as the settled purpose of his heart, a purpose that never wavered until his country's call grew more imperative than that of China: then the same heroic determination which had given him his first strong and clearly defined motive took a new form; the same martyr spirit that impelled him to lay down his life for the needs of a distant nation, led him to sacrifice it for the maintenance of his own.

Until the age of nineteen he remained at home, working upon his father's farm.

He then went through a course of study at the Westfield Normal school, and after a brief interval of teaching, studied two years at Meriden, N. H., in preparation for entering college. He was enthusiastic in the pursuit of knowledge, as bearing on the deeper purpose of his life. He writes home from Meri-

den thus: "My studies dry? No, indeed, a stream of pleasure from Monday morning till Saturday night. The toil is incessant, but very sweet. Thus I am preparing to go about my Master's business."

At Amherst, where he began his college course in September, 1859, the same ardor, combined with system and steady resolution, characterized him. Towards the close of the first year his health failed, and physicians and friends advising rest and change of air, he made an excursion to Labrador with some acquaintances who were about establishing a Mission house at Caribou Island. He assisted in the work, and the voyage proved beneficial to him, so that he soon returned to his studies with spirits refreshed and health renewed.

In so hasty an outline of his early years, we can pause but a moment to notice the prominence of disinterestedness and active benevolence as traits in his character. While at Meriden and at Amherst, he was in the habit of visiting district schools in his immediate vicinity, and exhibiting to the children curious and remarkable objects which he had

collected, for their amusement and instruction. He took a deep personal interest in the sick, the afflicted, and the dying, and spent much time in visiting them, both during intervals of school duty, and in his vacations at home, ministering to the wants of body and soul. To such a man the appeal of a stricken nation could not be made in vain; and he was one of those early accounted worthy to suffer and to die in so noble a cause as that of a nation's deliverance.

The time of his return to college was April, 1861, the month memorable in our country's annals as the date of the outbreak of the great rebellion. The Union found itself, without warning or preparation, plunged at once into the abyss of war. The shock which stunned the nation aroused also its latent energies. Young and old, the first-born and the darling Benjamin, offered themselves at once and freely to defend the nation's honor and maintain its existence. In schools and colleges the excitement was especially felt, and Amherst college was one of the first to offer the aid of its young men as volunteers; an example of patriotism which has been well

sustained by the number and value of the sacrifices it has constantly made.

From the first, young Clary's whole being was stirred by the summons. His prompt response, his patient waiting for acceptance, his enlistment, and his whole soldier history are best told in his own words; and from this period, his correspondence will, so far as possible, continue the narrative of his life—a life too brief in its noble purposes and endeavors, ever to be spoken of as “concluded” on earth.

CHAPTER II.

PLANS FOR ENLISTMENT.

“AMHERST COLLEGE, April 22, 1861.

“DEAR FRIENDS—As you may well suppose, there is but little talked of or thought of but war and its attendant excitements. Even now, between ten and eleven o'clock, I hear the beating of the drum in the distance. We have been marching to music, listening to Union speeches, and assisting at flag raisings.

“Our President made a stirring speech to us at prayers on Sunday morning. He said he was in Boston the day before, and witnessed the fearful excitement there, and added that he was willing to go forth to defend our country's cause, should he be needed. Prof. C—— has gone to see the governor to-day, about providing arms for the college. A pledge was circulated last night, soliciting the names of the members who will respond to the call of the governor, if he make one. It is the general impulse to take the field at any place or at any time during the war. I

think seventy have enrolled their names with this intention, and my purpose, in writing this, is to give speedy information to my friends at home that my name is on the roll.

“I suppose Prof. C—— has taken the list to the governor. I think I will detain this letter, however, until I hear of his success. If we are not needed, the drill will do us no harm; and if there *is* need of our services, and the duty is made plain, surely our parents will not hold us back.

“We expect, or at least hope to get our muskets this week, and with them the services of a staff-officer. You may be surprised at this step, but I believe that on second thought you will be glad of it. We have the news twice a day now.

“It is nearly eleven o’clock. The students in considerable numbers, and some of the inhabitants, have just ended their marching. There was a spirited Union meeting this evening, and measures were taken to organize a company forthwith, expecting a summons from government.”

“APRIL 23. Prof. C—— has just returned from Boston.

"The governor and other military men were delighted with our proposal. The faculty will have a meeting to decide the matter to-morrow night.

"Yours affectionately,

"F. A. CLARY."

"April 28, 1861.

"DEAR FRIENDS—This Sabbath opens more quietly than the last. The intense excitement has in some measure subsided, and the military movement so much talked of by college students is becoming a failure.

"It seems that we are not needed just now; and the faculty have decided it is best not to drill with arms upon the college grounds, and that too after one of the number had been to Springfield to procure muskets.

"It is a disappointment ill brooked by some of our martial spirits; but we are trying to meet our duties as usual, quietly waiting to see when we may be needed.

"Should it be necessary for our students to take the field, God forbid that I should hesitate a moment to obey the call of duty."

“June 3.

“DEAR FRIENDS—The time is passing swiftly and pleasantly. I am now established in a work on the Sabbath that suits me well. Mr. S——, my intimate friend in the Senior class, having left college, has bequeathed to me his little Sabbath-school, held in the brick school-house at Fort River, a neighborhood in Old Hadley, about three miles distant. There are two classes; six blacks and four or five whites constitute the number.

“I have the negroes to teach. Their ages vary from five or six to thirteen years of age. I enjoy talking to them, teaching them hymns, etc. I hope God will accept my labors, which I shall be likely to continue for a long time, if permitted. I am sure you will be glad with me that this opening for usefulness has presented itself.

“We shall soon be reviewing our studies in college. I can look back upon this term as a real success. My health is quite good. Life seems to me more earnest. I enjoy more the blessings of each day, and especially the hope of doing something for my heavenly Father, so that I am still willing

you should take that enthusiastic letter I wrote at the commencement of the term as a fair index of my present feeling."

But now the time arrived when men were trembling with fear for the safety of their country. Frequent reverses and defeats taught the people to look for news with deep solicitude. Kentucky and Missouri were fearfully threatened. Numbers of the best college students were leaving to annex their names to the "roll of honor." Others were well-nigh ready to say, "We'll go."

Clary perceived the nation's peril, and his wavering convictions of duty sometimes troubled him. Whether he should join the army, or remain at college to prepare for missionary life, was the question for him to decide.

He loved his country with more than ordinary devotion, and had long borne her interests on his heart before the throne of God; and now he felt more strongly than ever, that his first impulse to leave his studies for the national defence was right. The eloquence of his patriotic teachers kindled within him new zeal for the cause.

With reference to a soul-stirring sermon

delivered by Dr. Stearns, he writes, "It was almost enough to make one resolve at once to enter the army; and perhaps I shall go, as it is. I do not mean to be hasty or thoughtless. I begin to regard the summons as more and more urgent. Some of our best young men are leaving. I want to be willing to answer the call, the moment the way is made clear. I think I will say nothing to my parents about it until I feel more decided."

His decision, which was not made without prayer, is thus communicated to his father.

"AMHERST COLLEGE, Oct. 1, 1861.

"MY DEAR FATHER—Perhaps you will be surprised to read this letter; but upon a second perusal, and upon careful consideration of the motives prompting me to take the step proposed, I think you cannot object to my leaving college at once to join my brave brothers and classmates here who are hastening on to the conflict, especially if you have thought earnestly of the pressing need of men for the army.

"The gloom of to-day is deeper here than

I have seen it at any time before. A feeling of determined patriotism is prevailing among the young men, and it is said that the faculty do not seek to hinder them as they seemed to do at first.

“On this question I feel quite decided; but you know, dear father, how much I think of your advice, and how glad I am to secure your acquiescence in all the important changes and plans of my life.

“Hitherto you have most kindly fallen in with my projects; such as going to sea, to Labrador, etc. Now I come to you with a proposal far different from any previous one, and more important than all.

“I am hopeful that you will second my proposition, and send me away with your blessing. I have the feeling that you will certainly grant my request.

“Please to think how supporting it will be, as I make the necessary preparations and take my leave of friends. Think how hard it will be to go away without your ready acquiescence. But this I do not fear. Looking upon the country as you do, especially upon Kentucky and Missouri; upon the reverses

and disasters which are multiplying on our side, and upon the fact that men, *men* are called for with such heart-stirring appeals; looking in the face of all this, dear father, and remembering that, though you cannot go yourself, you have a son, strong and able-bodied, who is yearning to be in the conflict, to whom it is the greatest self-denial to stay at home a single day, surely you will say, 'Go, and the God of battles be with you.'

"You spoke about my not joining the army till obliged to by drafting. I think I am obliged to go *now*. My conscience, my convictions of duty, every thing about me suggests the course proposed. I am well, and thankful too for my health. Let it be of avail for the country's service.

"Perhaps I have said enough; I will add, that these words are not the hasty expressions of only a few days' rash impulse. I have been struggling with myself—have been praying; feel quite clear that it is my duty, and am happy in the thought that I can and must go.

"I want to receive your reply certainly by Friday. Meanwhile I will try to find the

best method of enlistment. That I trust will not take long; and then the sooner off, the better for my conscience, my health, and every thing. If I have said enough, I will close with the prayer that you may give just the right reply to

“Your affectionate

“FRANCIS.”

The margin of this patriotic letter was filled with these lines, which illustrate the eagerness and resolution with which he had already entered upon his chosen work: “I presume I shall go to Worcester or Springfield in a few days, if it seems best. I want to hear from you, so as to be making plans with more definiteness and rapidity. For the present I go on with my regular lessons. It is pretty hard work, however. Father, if all I have said is not enough, I have the promise of Dr. Stearns’ sermon of Fast-day for you.”

In writing thus, he was not impetuous, but simply earnest.

During the interim, he labored as well as the circumstances would allow. But study-

ing was up-hill work, for his heart was in the war, and he was looking with hope for the forthcoming letter of reply. The message soon reached Conway, Mass. His father immediately sent back this honest, heartfelt reply:

“CONWAY, Oct. 3, 1861.

“MY DEAR FRANCIS—I was greatly surprised at the contents of your letter, received this afternoon. I shall not undertake to dictate, but as a father you will allow me to advise.

“I am not afraid to have you go to the war, nor even to engage in battle, nor to fall in your country's service, if it is the Divine will.

“But your circumstances are peculiar; you have been consecrated as an ambassador for Christ to China. This I have supposed was the land of your adopted work. I had fondly hoped to live to see you enter that great and glorious missionary field, where you would have abundant opportunity to exhaust all your energies in wielding spiritual weapons to restore millions of rebels to allegiance to the King of kings. But you propose to turn aside, for a season, from a preparation for

the work of your life, to serve your country; yet there are thousands and tens of thousands ready to sacrifice themselves on this altar, where there is one to go to China. You know you were twenty-three years of age when you commenced your college course. You have already lost one year; and can you think of losing one, two, or three years more? Indeed, should you leave now, I should hardly expect to see you a graduate of Amherst college.

“But you go to ‘help save the country.’ It is true it is now in a critical, but not in a desperate condition. These temporary reverses lead multitudes to enlist with alacrity for the war; and the probability is, that ere long there will be a full supply of federal forces. It is the superiority of your plans and future work over those of most young men, and even most who are pursuing a college course, and not the danger of war, that makes me think it inexpedient.

“Should you change again so soon, many of your friends might give you credit for instability of character, which would operate against your future usefulness. But I must

bring this letter to a close, as it is time to go to the office, that you may receive it tomorrow. Should you decide after all to go, you will continue to have our best wishes and tenderest concern. Love from all.

“Your affectionate Father.”

CHAPTER III.

LEAVING HOME.

THE young student thoughtfully perused his father's letter, finding in it no sufficient reason for changing his determination to enter the army at once. He writes soon after,

"I allowed but a few minutes to pass before enlisting, after I read father's letter, for I was sure that I could answer all his questions from the heart." He joined what was called the Western Bay State regiment, afterwards numbered the Thirty-first. Immediately on leaving home, he occupied himself in enlisting recruits, having been employed to do so by the proper authorities. He undertook this work with his usual zeal, and many instances of his perseverance and success might be given.

We mention but one. A young man in a neighboring town had made a deep impression on the mind of Clary, as a brave, able man, and an active Christian. "I deter-

mined," he writes, "not to leave his home till I should do so with his name on the enlistment-roll. I found him expecting to be married in a short time, with a prospect of building and occupying a house of his own in Michigan. 'Shall we not pray together?' I asked. 'We will,' was the ready response." The young man showed the way to the parlor. They knelt, both their souls struggling for inward enlightenment, for divine guidance. Would not God deign to point out the way? Again and again they bowed in importunate prayer. Nearly an hour had passed before they left the room.

Then they retired to rest, the young recruiting officer saying, "Hope it will be all right in the morning." Simultaneously with their prayers, a mother's pleadings were ascending in an adjoining room, that she might be ready to give up her son, if it should seem best. When morning came the decision was ready another name was added to the list of Christian patriots.

While stopping at the village of Ware, where the greater part of his company had enlisted, he writes, "Three of my companions

and myself occupy one room in the hotel here. We have devotions every night and morning. This is exceedingly gratifying to me, especially as it might not have been expected, since neither of them make any pretensions to religion. Will you not pray earnestly that my influence may be salutary over these my companions?

“I am obliged to hear a great deal of profane swearing, and to associate with those who indulge in it. I feel sad to think I shall be under the necessity of hearing oaths, perhaps many times a day. Any hints that you can give me as to the best way of urging men to discontinue the practice, will be most gratefully received.

“Saturday night I repaired to the minister’s, and obtained some good books for my companions to read. I was glad soon after to see one of them reading very diligently the *Pilgrim’s Progress*. He calls it ‘first rate.’”

“WARE, Nov. 4.—We have had pretty good drilling to-day. I enjoyed it. I find many opportunities to watch the development of character day by day, and am amused to ob-

serve the great clamor for office. Disappointment and ill-feeling are constantly arising from disheartened office-seekers, who threaten to leave the ranks unless they can be gratified. I find that only a small number of those now here are professors of religion."

At Conway we hear of young Clary, with several others, addressing one of those patriotic meetings then so common all over the loyal portion of the country. His words were few and well chosen. They glowed with the fire of a patriot, a soldier, and a Christian. All felt their power; and upon his audience he left the abiding impression that our country was worthy of the sacrifice for which it called—that the lives of her young men were not to be offered up in vain.

He afterwards writes of this gathering, "Our meeting was inspiring. Our friends gave us good advice and good cheer; and through the noble efforts of the ladies, we are the recipients of such comforts as the soldier can appreciate—needle-books, handkerchiefs, stockings, and blankets."

This visit to the home he so much loved was long remembered. Every thing in and

around the "good old brick house"—as he affectionately called it—was as dear to him as "the apple of his eye."

The faithful old horse which had carried him so many times to the distant church and railroad station ; the wild, rural walks which his feet had so many times traced and re-traced ; the beautiful hills, whose openings revealed sister villages ; and the maple orchard where in childhood he had loved to watch the process of sugar-making—all these brought to mind most pleasant remembrances and associations from which it was hard to break away.

But how insignificant were they, in comparison with his estimate of the treasures of the household ! We find Clary in his own room on the day he was to leave, sad and thoughtful. He folds neat packages, arranges files of papers, puts away all his effects with scrupulous care, the choicest relics being given into the faithful keeping of his youngest sister.

Thus he closes up his affairs at home. The remaining time, so precious yet so sad to him, he spent in writing to his absent sister, and

in calling on a few of his neighbors, all of whom had some kind wish to express.

Returning home, he found his sister unable to attend to her duties for grief. His younger brother could scarcely control his emotions in parting from him before he went to school. In the midst of these painful and agitating feelings his father called, "It is time to be going." That word "going" never before broke so strangely, so sadly on his ear. He says, "My heart murmured, *not* quite ready to go from this home of homes, perhaps never to return."

He hastened down. Little comforts unasked—which a mother alone knows how to prepare—he found in his valise.

An affectionate good-by to all, and he was on his way to join his comrades at Ware, just previous to their removal to Camp Seward, located at Pittsfield, Mass.

CHAPTER IV.

IN CAMP.

CLARY'S first appearance on camp-ground was under trying circumstances. Sicknes prevented his marching with the soldiers, and he was compelled to ride in the baggage-wagon—quite a trial to his pride. He was so ill, that on his arrival his captain insisted upon his riding back to take quarters at the hotel, in company with a fellow-soldier.

Soon, however, he recovered his health, and set himself earnestly at work. It was not an infrequent remark of his, "I mean to make a good soldier;" and from this time until the close of his life, he literally carried this into effect.

He held it to be the duty of a good soldier to "endure hardness" without complaining. Privations he expected, and they were cheerfully met. What troubled him most was the indifference of his comrades to sacred things. He could bear patiently every hardship of the camp, but the profanity which he was

obliged to hear, he deemed the most inexcusable of all sins of the tongue, and he could never endure listening to it without the keenest sorrow.

His duties as sentinel sometimes called him from rest at an early hour. He writes, "I was communing with my Saviour as early as three o'clock this morning. This profitable season prepared me to speak to my neighbor sentinel. He received my suggestions very kindly, and promised that he would abandon the use of profane language, and would seek to do right in other respects. I enjoyed my morning watch exceedingly, although in strange contrast with my meditations; for I had a loaded gun, with strict orders to shoot any man who should persist in passing the line without permission."

In a letter dated Nov. 26, alluding to Capt. Lee, who had been violently assaulted by a soldier, he writes, "Capt. Lee seems to be a favorite with all the men in camp, and a great deal of sympathy is manifested for him. But it is a bad place for one so sick to be in; there is but a single board partition between his bed and the large hall filled with nearly

five hundred men, many of whom are exceedingly noisy and careless. Just now, as I write on one of the great beams, I can hear the multitude in their Babel-like confusion."

"Nov. 27. Since I left home I have been quite ill. A severe boil upon my neck, and perhaps a worse one upon my right eyebrow also troubled me. Just as I was relieved of the latter, a genuine felon on my left forefinger claimed my serious attention."

"Dec. 11. Our prayer-meeting is increasing in numbers and interest. The little room is crowded at every meeting, and there is some evidence of unusual thoughtfulness. I hope you will continue to pray for us. Professors of religion are in great danger of lowering their standard, for the wicked are an overwhelming majority. I really believe that some of them are destined to be saved by the impressions they will receive in our camp. I am glad to be here, with the hope of helping some to a better life. This I can do the more effectually, as Mr. R—— of Boston furnished me with several dollars' worth of tracts and books."

A letter to his father, dated Dec. 17, says,

“That was a *good* letter you wrote last, and it deserves a long and careful reply. I thank you most heartily for the deep interest you manifested in my welfare. Heaven will bless you for it all, be assured; but the remembrance that you are constantly in the thoughts of a grateful son, may cheer some of your hours of loneliness. I think of you at home a great deal, but especially do I love to remember you when at my morning and evening devotions. Am I not right in thinking that I am often mentioned in your secret petitions, as well as at the family altar?

“Father, I desire that you should know of my *constant happiness*. My spirit is made glad from day to day, by the consciousness that I am in the line of duty. I find so much to encourage me in trying to do good, that it gives me a constant feeling of thankfulness to my heavenly Father for his unbounded mercy.

“I am glad you are disposed to write so freely and plainly to me. You help me on to a better life. Our meetings still continue to be prospered.”

To his sister S—— he wrote at the same time, “Rejoice with your soldier brother, dear

sister, that he has so much to make life sweet, and that *that* life is freely offered for the safety of the country, if necessity demands it. I have not for a moment regretted my enlistment. I really enjoy camp life. I feel deeply for the anxious ones, who are much disappointed that the meetings are soon to be given up. We hope to be able to recommence them some time."

He was promoted to the rank of Color-Sergeant Jan. 5, 1862. Referring to it he writes, "My situation is different from that of any other in the whole regiment. I have been chosen by the colonel and adjutant to bear the national colors for the regiment. The officers had been thinking of this place for me for several weeks. But the announcement came as a perfect surprise. Upon second thought I decided to go straight forward, and do my best in the position, which you must know is one of the most responsible and dangerous in the whole line."

"JAN. 8. On Monday our camp presented a busy scene, in anticipation of Gen. Butler's visit. At evening I was called aside by our captain, and informed that the colonel wish-

ed me to act as orderly sergeant, in concert with twelve non-commissioned officers, forming a body-guard for the general during his stay of twenty-four hours. We marched to the Berkshire hotel, where he was expected to pass the night.

“Soon after his arrival, he signified that two of our number would be sufficient. Sergeant B—— with myself took our posts before the door of the parlor, while the general received his friends. These became very numerous by the next morning.

“At 10½ o’clock in the evening we were excused till the morning. We returned to the hotel early, but it was of course long before the general rose, as he did not retire until two o’clock. Men and boys from every quarter came flocking to the house to shake hands with or get a sight of him. The general was very affable, and received his many friends with a good grace. I could not but think that such a man must have a patient soul, for it must be annoying to be interrupted by so many who are eager merely to gaze upon a distinguished personage.

“A little before noon a grand salute was

fired, the regiment was formed into line, and the review took place. Just here was a trying time for my humble self. I refer to my taking the centre of the regiment to receive the colors. The ceremony was very interesting, and I had a good opportunity to hear the general's speech, which was brief, eloquent, and earnest.

"Then followed a thorough inspection of the separate companies by the general. He looked upon the clothing, shoes, and knapsack of every man, to see that all had a change of clothing."

Feb. 5, 1862, he writes, "After being in the hospital for fifteen days, I was released yesterday, with the privilege of being absent from duty for five days, being yet quite weak, for I have had to contend with various illnesses, and what was worse, witness many scenes revolting to my heart. I did not submit to the latter without giving an earnest remonstrance. I hope it was not without effect."

"You will be glad to know that my sickness has done me a great deal of good; I have been *very happy*, especially in the exercise of prayer. The peculiar circumstances that sur-

rounded me drove me nearer to my Saviour, who manifested himself very graciously unto me."

His hospital experience was of use to him, for he was disciplining himself to endure the peculiar trials incident to such a life. Of his last night spent in the hospital he says, "It was a solemn one, for I saw one of our number die. He breathed his last at half-past two yesterday morning. Not a relative, nor even an officer in his company, to attend him in his last hours. I rose several times to do for him what I could, and to be with him to the last. His dying struggles were enough to make one weep; but more sad still did I feel, to witness the slight impression made upon some of the men, who were busily employed in card-playing, while the fearful death rattle could be heard all through our rooms. It has made a deep impression upon my own mind, and the last recollection of my stay in this hospital must be tinged with sadness."

It was just after this that he made a "flying visit," most unexpectedly, to his home. This visit was often afterwards referred to by himself, and by his parents, as an unusually

pleasant one. There was then manifested none of that sadness which marked his former leave-taking.

Writing from Camp Chase, Lowell, Feb. 14, he says, "I am in good spirits, and quite elated with the prospect of being paid off to-day. We left Camp Seward at 6 A. M., Wednesday, and arrived at this place about dark. I was glad to lay hold of the colors once more. I enjoyed the ride. We had twenty-seven cars, eight of which were used for baggage. We have fine quarters, but expect soon to leave them for the sea.

"If I do not write again, let me tell you that my last visit was by far the most pleasant I ever made at home. I thank you all for being so cheerful. Long may I remember the impressive scene at our family devotions on the morning of my departure."

In his next letter, dated Feb. 19, occurs this pleasant statement: "The memory of my last visit home will be like a pleasant sunbeam cast upon my rugged pathway. Dear father, I thank you heartily for your kind words of advice, affection, and solicitude."

CHAPTER V.

SAILING SOUTHWARD.

ON the twentieth of February, 1862, the Thirty-first was ordered on board the transport "Mississippi" at Boston. The next day they sailed for fortress Monroe.

Of his prospects, looking southward, Clary says, "I am not sorry that I enlisted ; on the contrary, I am more and more satisfied that I have taken the *right course*. This is the *deep conviction of my heart*. I shall still keep an eye on China, for I do not by any means give up the long cherished hope of standing up for Christ before that people.

"My business matters are all arranged, and no one will be embarrassed in case I never return. I have a great desire to live, if it is God's will. I have done but a tithe of the good that I might have done. I do not know that I have been the means of converting a single soul.

"When I left college I little thought what a change I was bringing upon myself. But

the dark cloud which spreads over our land must be removed, before I quietly resume the duties and pleasures of college life. Loved are those duties, and choice those pleasures; but richer far to my heart is the privilege of going to defend my country in her peril. I have no desire to return until she is rescued from the storm, and her enemies are made to repent and return to their allegiance."

Such were the sentiments of our young hero, Sergeant Clary. The patriot spirit does not need a Scotland or a Switzerland for its expression. The devotion of a Wallace and a Tell glows in the bosom of many an unknown soldier in the Union ranks. "God, Liberty, our Country," this is the watchword of our warriors, and the motto of the banner under which they will conquer or die.

The ship in which Sergeant Clary's regiment embarked was overtaken by a severe gale off Cape Hatteras, and was driven by its fury on "Frying Pan Shoals."

Their peril now became imminent, for a hole was worn in the bottom of the ship. To add to their trouble, they discovered a steamer making towards them from the shore, but

were ignorant whether it was manned by friends or foes. It proved to be the United States sloop-of-war Mount Vernon, by which they were rescued.

The circumstances are related by Clary. "After satisfying himself that our vessel was a federal craft, the captain came to our relief; but while she was approaching, we knew not whether her intentions were friendly or otherwise, so there was considerable excitement with us. Our officers gave command for each man to put on his equipments, and have his gun ready for action.

"The men were prompt in obeying this order. I think that when our company is called to fight, it will show itself well. I can not express to you our gratitude, as we saw the stars and stripes run up by the Mount Vernon. It then seemed necessary for us all to forsake our ship to save our lives, for our steamer was leaking badly. So on Friday, just at evening, four hundred troops belonging to the 'Thirteenth' Maine regiment were conveyed in small boats to the steamer. The rest of us expecting to leave, placed our all upon our backs in anticipation of forsaking

the Mississippi for ever. But the lightening of the freight, by removing men and provisions, together with the assistance of the Mount Vernon as a tug, enabled us to get off the bar.

“On Saturday morning the weather was delightful, and the Maine troops were returned to our vessel, when we sailed on for Port Royal. We arrived at Hilton Head about an hour before sunset, but were not able to disembark until Monday about noon, when our fifteen hundred troops scattered about, glad to set foot on land again.”

After a brief detention at Hilton Head, they again embarked; and on March 20th they arrived at Ship Island, from which place he writes :

“The memory of my last home visit is most pleasant now ; I have often thought of it in connection with the possibility that I might never return.

“Whether I return or not, I desire to feel a spirit of perfect resignation to the will of God. I never enjoyed the Saviour’s presence more than in the peculiar trials of this soldier life. I am in a situation to get much good each day. I like the place I have in the reg

iment very much. I find it well to spend all my spare time in studying the tactics."

On the eighteenth of April the Mississippi sailed up the river whose name it bears, encountering numerous rebel fire rafts. Clary's journal has these notes of the passage :

"APRIL 24, 1862. Porter's famous mortar fleet is engaged, and the heavy firing makes our great ship jar, at a distance of many miles.

"APRIL 26. We are now within five or six miles of forts Philip and Jackson, and can easily perceive the magnificent display of bombs thrown in profusion upon the doomed forts.

"APRIL 27. Coming on deck, we find ourselves near the west bank of the river, where we have a good view of the warlike preparations of both enemies and friends.

"APRIL 28.—Gen. B—— just came sailing past us in a small steamboat, and in a stentorian voice and with great enthusiasm exclaimed, 'Fort Jackson is on fire! Get two days' rations ready, and await further orders!'"

The terrific scene of the bombardment was in full view. The soldiers' hearts beat high

with the hope of planting the national colors on the walls of the stubborn forts. It was a time for tumultuous and conflicting emotions. Only a soul resting on God could maintain its calmness at such a time.

With reference to his own feelings Sergeant Clary writes, "I never enjoyed religion so much as in these few weeks past. My trust in God is quickened, and now on the eve of conflict it is more lively than ever. We are witnessing splendid naval achievements by Admiral Farragut. Forts Jackson and Philip will soon be ours."

Their regiment was ordered back to the gulf, to land in the rear of fort St. Philip, and take it by siege; but this service was made unnecessary by the surrender of the fort to the fleet, soon after the regiment reached the shore. They then returned to their transports and sailed up the Mississippi to New Orleans, just in time to witness the surrender of the city to the Federal forces.

CHAPTER VI.

AT NEW ORLEANS.

FOUR days after his arrival at the Crescent City, Sergeant Clary writes :

“ May 5, 1862.

“ DEAR FRIENDS—I am now established in one of the convenient little rooms of the custom-house; the building is filled with several regiments of our troops. For company, I have the corporals of the color-guard.

“ We were quite ready to appreciate the luxury of tables and chairs, and other pieces of furniture which the frightened rebels left in the confusion of their hurried departure.

“ I desire to thank God for our signal preservation through so many dangers, and for allowing us to take possession of this city without the loss of a single life. Surely he has been better to us than our fears.

“ The people of New Orleans at first declared that the hated Yankees could never take the forts or city. But when the news of our success came, great consternation possess-

ed their hearts. Mob violence was the order of the day. The defences of the city were for the most part abandoned or destroyed; and on April 26, Gen. Lovell, perceiving that it was of no use to resist our approach while the gunboats of Com. Farragut were stationed directly in front of the city, ready to shell it at any moment, fled to parts unknown."

MAY 6. "After conquering the enemy below, our gunboats had but little opposition in their approach to the city. One battery, thrown up on the old battle-ground where Jackson fought, opened upon our men, but was quickly silenced. The way was now clear for the 'Mississippi' and the other transports to bring in the thousands of infantry.

"Accordingly on Tuesday, May 1, we sailed up between splendid plantations on each side of the river, and anchored in front of the city just after noon, exchanging rousing cheers as we arrived, with the crews of the various vessels already anchored. We could not help noticing the gloom and silence which pervaded the whole city. All the stores and offices were closed. But very few came out

on the wharf at first, perhaps one or two hundred persons.

“We were cautioned to hold no conversation with the enemy; and were ordered to load all the guns, to fix bayonets, and appear on deck in complete readiness to go ashore. We had to crowd the people back from the wharf, for now they had come out in great numbers. While standing before the rabble, we were subjected to jeers and curses, though nothing very violent in the way of opposition occurred. For the most part, the people expressed their contempt and bitter hatred by sullen silence. Some would dart back at the approach of our flag, as if its touch were pollution. There was but one Union flag in the whole city, and that was floating over the custom-house, where we were going to quarter.

“The arrangements for this purpose being completed, we proceeded to march through several streets to the custom-house. Insult upon insult was heaped upon the flag. It seemed as if the desperadoes would actually tear it from my hands. I managed to carry it unsullied, and we congratulated ourselves

that this was the first regimental color of the United States that was planted in the city. To our company was assigned the perilous duty of clearing a passage for the general and his army to pass. Our men were quite elated with this honor. From eight to ten thousand troops are now in the city. Martial law has been proclaimed for several days; the faces of the people do not wear so malicious an expression, and some of the traders have opened their stores again: yet, after all, they claim that their opposition to our government will never be changed.

“In order to enforce martial law a large number of guards are required; these are posted on the various streets of the city, night and day. We feel the heat considerably, although the building where we are quartered is quite cool. The water which supplies this immense structure is forced up from the river, and is suitable to drink.

“Our trip up the river was the most novel and enchanting May-day excursion that we ever enjoyed. The river for a long distance is higher than the wide spreading plains on either side. Our vessel often sailed so near

the bank we could speak with the negroes, many of whom would stop their work, and give expression to their delight by clapping their hands, throwing up their aprons, hoes, etc.

“Many of the planters’ mansions are rich and neat; some almost hidden by the dense foliage of willows, cypress, oak, or orange trees.

“MAY 19. Among the strangest sights here, I must mention the great bread crowds—crowds of women with their baskets, rushing for tickets to enable them to secure provisions; for Gen. Butler has taken such a course, that provisions are allowed to be brought from Mobile and the mouth of the Red river and delivered at the market. The people have been almost on the verge of starvation, for the flying rebel soldiers took all the provisions of the city with them for their own sustenance. A little girl came to our camp to sell eggs last week; I asked the price; she replied, ‘Ninety cents a dozen!’

“The weather here is much like that of our July days, although the nights are quite cool and damp. I am one of many who are affected

by a sensation of languor, from the excessive heat; but we are favored by being required to drill only a short time in early morning and the cool of evening.

“We had fine opportunities for writing in the custom-house, but of these we are now deprived. Annunciation square, where we are at present quartered, is a fine level spot, ornamented with a few shade trees, of which we take full advantage, for the heat is quite oppressive. The families immediately surrounding this park are said to be among the most bitter secessionists. We feel it necessary to keep a vigilant guard, and our pickets have seen actual service now for the first time.

“On Friday night I acted as sergeant of the guard. My duties required me to be up all night. I went the round five times, but saw nothing very exciting. This was extra duty, but I was ready for it, since the colors are seldom called for in our present position. I am grateful to find my health so good in this hot climate. The imprudence of many in excessive drinking and other evil habits tends to increase my own watchfulness. I hope that by rigid self-denial and prudence,

I shall be able to escape disease, and through the kindness of our heavenly Father to see my dear home once more.

“JUNE 2. We are still at Annunciation square. During three days of last week, a portion of our company was required to take up quarters at a station-house near by, and serve as city police. My experience there was rough, I assure you.* I never before had my eyes pained with such revolting scenes. I had read of the characters at Five Points; here I found their equals in degradation. Time and again I had to conduct armed squads, in search of some of the most reckless desperadoes in the city, into the streets where many a man had perished by the assassin's knife.

“One day last week, I took a company of fifteen men and two corporals, and searched a large suspicious looking house, in hopes of securing a man who had taken a gun from one of our sentinels and deliberately discharged it at a sick woman. Having my trusty revolver drawn, I had nothing to fear; but our search proved fruitless, and we returned disappointed.

“Some runaway slaves were brought to our quarters to be locked up for safe keeping. But Mrs. I—— and all my friends may know that I have had nothing to do with this hated work; and I never will assist it in any way.

“The appearance of things in the city is very much improved. The people begin to understand that we have not come to plunder and destroy. Gen. Butler has certainly wielded his power in a very judicious manner. But we have no Sabbath here. I believe this is the most abandoned, God-forsaken city in the whole Union. Trading of all sorts, running of cars, etc., mark the day; while those who attend the services of the sanctuary are very few.”

“JULY 15. The weather is steadily and intensely hot, with the thermometer in the vicinity of 100° from a little past sunrise until sunset. The occasional showers, which cool the heated air, are most agreeable. We have recently obtained three hogsheads to hold rain-water for drinking. This we find much better than the muddy water of the Mississippi, which we have been using. There is now a plenty of ice in the city, and we soldiers

have just a little for a taste. We are each allowed usually a loaf of soft bread—like mother's of the smallest size—to last for three meals, given out at noon. For the rest of the dinner, we have sweet potatoes and meat, sometimes beans, once in a while rice, and occasionally hasty pudding. Irish potatoes are too high-priced for common folks to indulge in—fifteen to twenty dollars per barrel.

“I neglected to say that for breakfast and supper we receive just about nothing at all. Our coffee is so miserable an apology for the real article that I fairly despise it, and of course refuse to drink it. I buy milk pretty often at a picayune a pint.”

“AUGUST 7. My health is not very good, but still much better than when I wrote last. I do not experience much difficulty about sleeping, when an opportunity offers, for I can lie down upon the brick or stone pavement in almost any street in the city, and sleep as soundly as you can at home. This is the way we rest too when we go out on guard. We take turns in lying upon the pavement, having our rubber blankets to shield us from the dampness.

“Our food is good, especially the bread, and I do not take much else. My weight is one hundred and forty-five pounds now, while at Labrador I weighed one hundred and seventy-six pounds.”

He writes to his sister Aug. 22, “I have thought very much of death of late; and the more intently I fix my mind upon this theme, the more I enjoy the exercise. Yes, I may be nearer home than I think, and I feel perfectly willing to leave the issue entirely in the hands of God.

“I do not wish to alarm you, or cause you to regret my acceptance of the office which has been in my hands for more than seven months. Yet you must remember that it is one of the most dangerous positions in the whole regiment, in case of action. At the fight before fort Donaldson, no less than five successive color-bearers were shot down; and at Baton Rouge, in the recent conflict, three rebel color-bearers were killed. There is a prospect of our being called into battle. Our situation is getting more and more critical; the enemy threaten to make a desperate attempt to recapture New Orleans. We are

looking eagerly for reinforcements, as we greatly need them.”

So our young soldier stands with his face to the foe, calmly awaiting the approaching footsteps of Death, whose coming his heart already prophesies. Thousands are standing to-day with the same fearful prospect before them. Would that they might share the faith which kept his soul in “perfect peace.”

CHAPTER VII.

AT FORT JACKSON.

WITH a part of his regiment, Sergeant Clary went to garrison fort Jackson. His friends were glad to receive from him this description of the fort where he spent so much time.

“The fortification is a large one, built of brick. Immediately surrounding the walls there is a moat from forty to fifty feet wide, and fifteen or sixteen feet deep. Outside of this is another moat; and over each of these is a drawbridge, designed to be taken up in case of an attack by an enemy.

“The fort has five sides, and as many bastions, which make considerable addition to the strength of the fort proper.

“On a level with the space in the interior, are numerous casemates, or arched ways, which are really under ground. These are covered by the ramparts, which extend all around the fort. The highest ground is termed the parapet. On the rampart against the

parapet, a rough shed is built for each company, from eighty to ninety feet long."

It was in one of these sheds that the soldiers of Company D made their home. The sergeants occupied one end, separated from the other by a piece of canvas.

"Within these narrow limits—sixteen by seventeen feet—there are three beds, a table, a chair, a bench, and a trunk, together with all the arms and accoutrements under our charge."

Writing to his friends at home, Aug. 27, he regrets that so much work was done on the Sabbath. "I feel sorry that so much of holy time is used in such a way. I presume that not one half of the men had a thought of the Sabbath; I almost forgot it, the day was so busy. There are about one hundred and forty contrabands here; they are daily employed in improving the condition of the interior of the fort, for the shells made terrible havoc with the brick walls which sheltered the officers' quarters. The outer walls were not severely damaged. The fight was a terrible one. I am credibly informed, that during the space of one hour and a half,

eleven thousand pounds of powder were used inside this fort."

Sergeant Clary had a few intimate friends in the regiment, whose tastes and aspirations for a better life than the many led, made them truly congenial spirits.

"Sergeant J. E. W——, Lieut. B——, and Corp. W——, make up my trio of particular friends. The first is almost perfect, the second is a loved classmate and Christian friend, and the last is ever ready to perform acts of Christian kindness." He enjoyed the society of these friends, and spoke of them always with much enthusiasm. Appreciative allusions were often made to his commanding officers, both as to their military skill and gentlemanly demeanor; and it was a cause of gratitude to the dear ones at home, that amid so many circumstances tending to harden the soldier's heart, he could still find some tried friends, and with them take sweet counsel.

Other dear friends he had whose names are unknown, but who made his brief life happier by their kindness and manly sympathy, while they shared with him the vicissitudes of an

army experience. To the Christian soldier, companionship with the generous and enlightened is especially precious. In the army particularly is the motto needed, "Let your conversation be in heaven."

It was the habit of Clary always at the return of the anniversary of his sainted mother's death, to turn his thoughts to her, to heaven, and to the life to which her prayers had consecrated him. Hence, Sept. 3, 1862, he writes :

"MY DEAR FATHER—I am glad to secure some time for myself this day, as I was anxious to devote much of the leisure of this solemn anniversary to the memory of my dear mother, as far as I recollect what you and others have told me of her. I desire to be more like her in spirit; and am grateful to God, that he permits me to be so earnest and hopeful. I trust that your prayers and hers will avail much.

"I cherish a glad remembrance of that home-scene of prayer, as I left for the war. Week after week glides swiftly by, and I hear every sound but that of prayer. I need yours for me, for peculiar trials beset me. I am

greatly strengthened by prayer and home letters. They help me to maintain a purer walk and holier conversation before careless and criticizing observers.

“We have been in the fort now nearly a fortnight, and I have seen no papers except a couple of ‘Deltas’ from New Orleans. This is rather too bad, when we are so anxious to hear from Richmond. We are in a state of trying suspense with regard to the news, having heard that fort Donaldson is recaptured, and that Pope and McClellan are defeated. Oh, how earnest the soldiers in the fort are for the papers; but we feel that we must be contented, and forego many of the conveniences which to our friends at home seem indispensable.

“We have begun the drill upon our heavy guns. At the time the war commenced, the fort was furnished with twelve barbette, fourteen casemate, and nine howitzer guns. Now it contains about eighty.

“The rebels cast many of theirs into the moat; this is a formidable trench, filled with stagnant water. In it are several ugly alligators, and some large fish equally repulsive,

which serve, however, in a measure to purify the water. Surrounding all is a lowland swamp, furnishing an abundance of serpents, lizards, tree-toads, and myriads of mosquitos."

One of his favorite ways of usefulness was writing letters for sick and illiterate soldiers. These often called forth affecting expressions of gratitude in return. The following letter is from a Christian lady whose husband had for a long time been sick in the hospital at fort Jackson. It furnishes a bright example of that womanly patriotism which has so often and so freely laid its dearest upon our country's altar of sacrifice.

"MR. CLARY—Your little note which I received last night with the welcome letter, was very pleasing and encouraging to me; especially as it informed me that my dear A—— had so kind a friend to be with him, now that he is removed from those who love him and who watch so anxiously for his good. I cannot tell you how much I appreciate a friend who will be with him in all hours; in those of danger as well as those of pleasure and safety; in hours of suffering it may be; and who will be true to him as a Christian brother.

“I thanked God last night, and I thank him now from my heart, that he has seen fit to bless my loved one with the friendship of one who has given himself so entirely to Christ and his cause.

“Your extracts please me much, *very much*, and I find myself thinking of them and repeating them often. The last you wrote, ‘Inquire every evening, if the day has been an improvement on the past,’ was very appropriate; but my particular favorite is this: ‘If your life is dark, then walk by faith; God is pledged to keep you as safely as if you could understand every thing.’

“These and the others I will try to remember and practise; and I doubt not they will assist me many times when the *way is dark*, coming as they did from a stranger who had the kindness to copy them. I thank you for them, and also for your kindness in speaking in so pleasant and friendly a manner of him whom I have given up, as I would have given myself, had it been possible, for my country’s service.

“I will implore the blessing of heaven to rest upon you both, that you may be filled

with the Spirit, and be enabled to do much for the Master whom you serve, and whose I trust and believe you are. I would ask an interest in your prayers that the one left behind may trustingly and cheerfully fulfil her tasks with submission to the will of God."

Clary's nature was a grateful and appreciative one; he loved to express his thankfulness to those who had in any way lightened the burdens of his soldier life. Of one lady, whom he regarded as his principal benefactress when in camp at Pittsfield, he writes,

"Mrs. F——, you know, is the benevolent lady who cured my felon, refusing all remuneration for the same, and who, when I was ill in the hospital at P—— brought a generous supply of chicken broth and apples; and now Mary C——, the little granddaughter—whose picture I enclose—has sent me such a box of comforts as will remind me for a long time of their benevolence. Mrs. F—— is a second Florence Nightingale in spirit. Many a weary soul has she saved from suffering; many a sad heart has she made light by her self-sacrificing labors."

Writing Sept. 19, he says, "We have been

thrown into quite an excitement by the escape of three of our rebel prisoners, who had been sentenced to confinement here. We turned out and tried the peculiarities of swamp travelling in such a way as to give us a vivid remembrance of it for a long time. The wily fellows put us to a deal of trouble, and drew us out into a drenching rain. But with the help of negroes—better pedestrians than ourselves—who understood this swamp, we found them. They had been parleying in vain with a Frenchman, for a boat to pass the wide bayou, full of alligators, and had just gone back towards the wood, probably to remain till night, when they could obtain the boat without permission. A little before sundown they were brought into the fort in triumph, when each had appended to him a chain with a sixty-four pound ball attached. The weather here is a little more comfortable now; but the torments of the mosquitos are unabated. I am trying to write this letter under great difficulties, having a swarm of these insects buzzing about my head, compelling me to pause to give them due attention. I hope my friends will ap-

preciate the letters prepared at such a sacrifice."

And so they did. Too well they knew the hardships the soldier endured. Their anxious inquiries regarding health, spirits, and exposure, elicited this reply: "Of all these I will speak freely, except in reference to one point, that is, our manner of living. Unless you urge the matter, I would rather say nothing about it. You can regard it as a case 'where ignorance is bliss.'"

"As soon as our sixty days expire, two weeks longer, it will be the turn of some other regiment to enter upon the prison life of the fort, and thus give us an opportunity again to visit the outer world. I, for one, shall be glad to go. While here, our mails are greatly hindered. We of Company D must cherish some sad memories of this unhealthy spot. To-day we must bury one of our number here. We have reason to hope that he died a Christian.

"Dear father, I am heartily glad that you referred to the danger to which our morals are exposed. Yes, even our officers, many of them, are in the wrong path. I need caution,

that I may be no stumbling-block before others. I need your prayers, which I have faith to believe will be answered in my behalf.

“Yes, I need all the help I can gain from every source, in order to bring honor to my Saviour’s name. It certainly requires much wisdom, to devise and put in practise means of usefulness to others. Camp-life has a multitude of seductions, and I have an opportunity to witness its terrible effects upon the morals of those who yield to the wiles of the tempter. Sad havoc has been made by strong drink. I have seen more than one sergeant reduced to the ranks on account of its use.

“Father, I feel like praying that your declining days may be your *best* and *happiest*, and not embittered by the thought that I am yielding to temptation. And, mother, I often ask myself, why am I not more grateful for the early restraints of my home? I entreat you to accept my thanks for your self-denying efforts for my good—for every prayer that has gone up to heaven for a blessing upon me. My home was never dearer to me than at the present time; never was I happier in following the plain path of duty; nor have I ever

been so hopeful as now, that we shall check this terrible war, and celebrate the anniversary of its close with unbounded joy."

Sergeant Clary manifested great interest in the little son of Rev. Mr. Howland, missionary at Ceylon, who had been left in this land, with his brothers and sisters, to be educated. John was at the home of Clary in Conway, and was almost overjoyed at the reception of the following letter, which he showed not only to all his brothers and sisters, but to almost the entire neighborhood.

"FORT JACKSON, LA., Oct. 14, 1862.

"MY DEAR JOHN—I must write you one letter while we are in fort Jackson. I am all the more glad to do this, because father gives me so good a report of your conduct. Then again, I would like to write to you for your father's sake, as well as your own. You remember how I used to enjoy visiting at your house in Conway. I should miss your parents much if I should visit home now. But I do not expect to do this for a long time.

"Of course we have a good deal of talk here about *good* soldiers. Now I observe those

men make the best soldiers, who, when they were boys, were obedient and good. Such boys find it much easier to perform their duty when they are men. Since I commenced writing, one of the company, a large strong man, has been ordered to prepare for picket-guard : instead of going quietly forward and cheerfully obeying, he has been grumbling and swearing in a very unpleasant manner, telling what he *will* do, and what he *wont*. I have made up my mind that he was not one of the best of boys when young.

“You have heard about the alligators in the moat that surrounds this fort. Some of these are from ten to fifteen feet in length, and I have seen several of their young, with bodies no longer than my hand. I saw the adjutant to-day with one of these creatures. He had it in a tub of water, and several of the officers were looking on while he tried to make it eat some sponge-cake. His alligatorship would not be imposed upon. Don't you think the adjutant would have acted more wisely, if he had given the cake to some soldier, and fed the alligator with something less expensive, and better suited to his taste?

“OCT. 15. A bright sunny morning this, and we are glad to get a little warmth, for we have had a cold snap. We wore our overcoats all day Sunday, and felt cold then. Some of us were obliged to go to bed in order to be comfortable. I am told that such changes are quite frequent during the cold months. So you will see that this is a very unhealthy place. Many of the men have what we call the ‘shakes;’ properly, the fever and ague.

“A short time since, we heard guns fired as if by our distant pickets, and straightway the long roll was beaten, and the different companies turned out in a hurry. There is always a strife at such times to see which company will be out in line first. At length, after much running to and fro, we were sent back to our quarters, and were told that this was a plan of the colonel’s to see how quick we would turn out.

“Well, John, what do you think I did last evening? I’ll tell you. On invitation of Sergeant N——, I visited his quarters. He and a squad of men under his command, remain there to man the casemate gun, in case

the guerrillas should make a land attack. I found they had an old fashioned fireplace, and a fine blaze made by the good dry pine. Now would you like to know what use the sergeant made of this fire? He took a frying pan down and sliced into it sweet potatoes, and placed thereon a piece of alligator meat. We chatted a while and told stories, while the novel mess was cooking. At length it was done, and by the light of the pine fire I proceeded to devour this strange dish with a relish. The sergeant asked me what my mother would say if she knew what I was eating.

“Well, this alligator meat tasted very much like beefsteak. A good soldier will eat almost any thing that comes before him, and if not so nice as he would like, will not complain; so I conclude mother will think that as far as eating is concerned, I am a good soldier.

“I have heard a little about that false alarm night before last. The contrabands, who live in small rude huts upon the shore, when they found the pickets rushing by them, to gain the fort, and firing their muskets, and

crying, 'Turn out the garrison,' thought there was real danger. So they bustled out of their little dens, shouldered a few clothes, and hurried up to the outside drawbridge. That was a time for the sentries who were in the secret to remember. The negroes begged and wept even to get across the bridge and inside the fort. It required a sergeant and seven men to keep the crowd back.

"We have a dove-cote close by our door, which contains a flock of beautiful doves. There are two or three dogs in the fort, and the prisoners have a number of chickens. These remind us of home. Oranges are plentiful now at a cent apiece; the worst of it is we have no money to pay for them. But we manage a barter trade—bread for oranges. Since dinner to-day, our colonel sent enough oranges around to give each man in the regiment one."

CHAPTER VIII.

DAYS OF USEFULNESS.

ATTACKED with a fit of illness the last of October, 1862, he was taken to the hospital, where he remained for several weeks.

There he gained friends by his thoughtful attention to the wants of others, by his tenderness and Christian zeal; and he was able to hold conversation with many with reference to their souls' interests. His life was a bright example of love and of earnest devotedness to the service of God, and this to such a degree that his unconverted comrades would often say, "*Clary is a Christian.*"

But yet his own conscience was so sensitive, that he felt and expressed the strongest regret for the slightest omission of duty. These sentences were constantly recurring in his letters: "Pray that I may conquer my easily besetting sin—that of speaking against others." "Pray that I may have courage to rebuke swearing." "Pray that I may be a

more active Christian." "Pray that I may 'stand up for Jesus.'" "Pray that I may be a burning and a shining light."

He knew that these requests were not slighted by friends at home, and he was assured that their prayers, as well as his own, were heard in heaven. His doubts were few, and his cup of joy often well-nigh full, as was evident from the expressions of hope and trust that gushed from his pen. "I am happy;" "If God should see fit to take me, I am ready;" "Rejoice with them that do rejoice;" "There is rest for the weary," were sentences that were often found in his letters to his friends.

Writing to his father November 6, he says, "Dear father, you pray for me I know. The assurance does my heart good. I feel strengthened when my thoughts turn back, and I seem to see you bowed in prayer. I fancy I can almost tell the words that form the petition for your absent son. I feel like pleading with you in all earnestness, to pray that I may be a more earnest Christian. There is so much in the army to prevent one's making positive effort, that I feel a

want of sufficient wisdom and courage to approach the hearts of our men, so steeled against the tender and winning influences of the Spirit. I am ready to weep for their hard-heartedness; and one might almost as bitterly weep for the unfaithfulness of some of the professed believers in Christ. Oh how would such repent, if they realized that they are wounding the Saviour in the house of his friends.

“We have no regular chaplain to check the men in their profanity; the Bible is seldom seen in their hands. The profanity is much worse than ever before in our regiment. Boys that would not swear when the regiment was first formed, now blaspheme with the utmost indifference.

“Let me tell you of the time I have for my evening devotions. You know our lights have to be extinguished at half past eight. Well, it is the few minutes after this time that I steal away for silent communion with God; and at such times I do enjoy a rich blessing. So now you can sometimes join me at this sacred hour.

“I am satisfied that *silent influence* should

not satisfy the Christian; *positive effort* is demanded. I have not done my duty; and if called to lie down in death this night, the burden of souls unwarned by my entreaties would hang like a heavy weight upon my spirit. Dear parents, my heart is full to-night; I feel ready to resolve and to practise self-denial, and I have hope that I shall be able to tell you of something done for Jesus in coming days."

And this he was able to do. In a letter dated December 3, 1862, he writes, "I must give you a little of the experience which has fixed the memory of the last week in autumn with a deep impression on my mind. Of late I have been assisting in the hospital. For four nights I sat up four hours, and had charge of eleven men, some of whom were very sick, and one at the point of death. Those were solemn hours to me, for I knew that death was coming on apace, and would not tarry long before claiming a victim. I refer to poor C——. He had been in the hospital since the eighth of November. The chief nurse having returned, I went back to my company quarters last Saturday night, so

that I did not see him alive after that. He died on the evening of the last day of autumn.

“About a week before his death, he requested me to call upon him. I did so, and read a passage of Scripture, and prayed with him. When I realized how habitually profane he had been, when I remembered that he was soon to go to his account, and that there was not one besides myself to speak to him about a preparation for death, I was weighed down with a sense of responsibility such as I never felt before. I chose to read to him the account of the prodigal son. This comforted the sick man; and the memory of his gratitude will be one of the pleasantest reminiscences of my life.

“One night after this I was with him when his sufferings were more than usually intense, and I asked him if it would not be a relief for me to kneel by his bedside and pray; he at once replied in the affirmative, and I earnestly prayed that the dying soldier might be prepared for all God’s will.

“His mind was remarkably clear to the last. He did not seem to be afraid of death.

I cannot help cherishing the hope that God forgave the sufferer, and took him to a heavenly home. There is much of sadness connected with this case, inasmuch as it produced little or no impression upon the surviving members of his company."

A little later he writes to his father, "The weather is quite cool to-day; the north-east wind has no mercy on the sentinel, to whom the 'two hours' are long and dreary in the night watch. The Mississippi water is quite clear and pleasant to the taste now; I like it right well. I have a great deal of respect for the 'father of waters,' after all. The river will be muddy enough next spring and summer, however.

"On Tuesday evening news came that Gen. Banks had assumed command of the gulf department, relieving Gen. Butler. We don't know what the latter is to do; but we can conscientiously praise him for his skilful management of affairs in the 'Crescent City,' since he first assumed the fearful responsibility. We have received the appellation of Butler's Pet Regiment, and I think with some reason. At all events he made the

Thirty-first his body-guard, on his triumphant entrance into New Orleans. Gen. Weitzel called for our regiment to make up his brigade. Gen. Butler told him he could take any but the Thirty first."

Writing to his mother about this time, he says, "Sometimes our sleep is sweet, but you know it is cut suddenly short by the report of the morning gun, which is often more loud than welcome. But it must be promptly obeyed, and straightway all the companies are formed into line in front of their respective quarters, for roll-call. Very soon 'coffee' is announced, which is the substitute here for those significant words, so pleasant at home, 'breakfast is ready.'"

Sergeant Clary often wrote with special earnestness to inquire for the sick and afflicted ones at home. On the reception of a letter from his father which conveyed the intelligence of the death of a good lady of his acquaintance, he writes,

"I am glad that you wrote me so minutely about Mrs. G——. I have indeed lost a near friend, and I cannot realize that she has gone. I believe we shall one day greet her in heav-

en. For the orphans let us pray in faith, for I cannot forget the mother's anxiety for them."

As has been before remarked, he found much to do by way of writing letters for the sick and illiterate. In making mention of this kind of labor, he speaks with surprise of the great number of men who were unable to read or write letters, and gives a detailed account of some of the labors which he assumed in carrying on their correspondence.

Every thing of this kind was cheerfully done, and he derived much amusement and pleasure from the efforts thus made to assist others. He writes particularly of one unlearned comrade for whom he acted as reader and amanuensis, who would scarcely allow him to open his own package from home, before demanding his services.

And thus the few remaining days at fort Jackson were passed—filled up with little acts of kindness and greater services to those about him. In the army, as in every situation, seeming trifles often make up the sum of human happiness or discomfort; the small

sacrifices which life demands are often harder to make than the great.

Sergeant Clary exemplified in his life the sacred maxim, "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."

CHAPTER IX.

THE COLORS RESIGNED.

ORDERS soon came for the Thirty-first to leave fort Jackson; and on February 14, 1863, Sergeant Clary writes, "Having received a large addition to our force, we think that we may be destined to Port Hudson. I feel willing to leave the issue of coming events with God. He has blessed me so signally, that I will not distrust him now.

"I am glad to assure you of the smile of Jesus upon his unworthy young servant, and further, that he has heard my prayer, 'Lord, increase my faith.' Now we will continue to pray for each other in the full assurance of hope."

"MAGNOLIA GROVE, below BATON ROUGE,

March 9, 1863.

"We are now, I think, on the eve of meeting the enemy in his strong-hold at Port Hudson. Here we are gathered in large force, probably about forty thousand infantry. We left camp Kearney last Friday, and arrived

before the city of Baton Rouge yesterday. At noon we disembarked, and remained with arms stacked for several hours, waiting for the officers to select a camp-ground.

“During this interim many of the Fifty-second boys came to see us, and I will assure you it was no small gratification to meet a number of young men from my own native town. I could hardly make it seem other than a pleasant dream. I felt a thrill of happiness in grasping their hands, such as you might suppose would visit one in my isolated condition. Poor boys! they have had much struggling with sickness, and have lost twenty-nine by death.”

March 10, his diary shows the regiment to be under marching orders, with seven days' rations cooked. “Our knapsacks are also packed, and the little mementos that we cannot part with are snugly transferred to our pockets. The colonel called me with the corporals of the color-guard to his tent this evening, and gave us an excellent speech. His words were few and well chosen, and glowed with such enthusiasm as fired my soul most deeply. I was delighted with his full expres-

sion of confidence. May I never forget that noble speech."

In writing to his father, March 31, he says, "Father, I thank you for all your letters, and for all the words which have cheered and encouraged my heart, when I have had bitter trials to meet.

"I ought to have dated this one day sooner in commemoration of your birthday. I wish you a most happy new year, my dear father."

His diary of the date of April 4, shows that his days were not without hardship and trial. "I have been suffering somewhat from sickness and a peculiar undefinable languor, which the debilitated soldier only knows. I never before had to struggle so hard to keep from falling out of the ranks. Great exertion in following up the rebels has been required during the forced marches of the last four days. I was obliged to throw away my woollen blanket, the gift of Mrs. F——, because I had not strength to carry it further. I was forced to take an ambulance the last two days."

After a few changes of location, their brig-

ade was ordered to move up the Teche valley, with three days' rations. They enjoyed the whole march. In one of his letters he speaks of the cattle quietly feeding upon the hills, unmindful of the glittering host moving on to scenes of strife. The sight brought back thoughts of the peaceful home left behind, and formed a striking contrast with the warlike designs of the expedition.

A letter dated May 1, written to his friends at home, furnishes us with more instances of his gratitude for a merciful preservation through the dangers of battle. "Strange, sad, wonderful, is the closing record of my life for April, 1863. A multitude of mercies to gladden your hearts. It seems as though I could not be sufficiently grateful to our heavenly Father, for his goodness and care. This is the most remarkable and eventful month of all my life.

"These rapid, fatiguing marches, and the want of stationery, have put it out of my power to write frequent letters.

"Our fight was a complete success; our advance kept up a running combat with the retreating rebels. On Sunday another ad-

vance was made, and we did not have to wait long for the enemy. About 3 P. M. a company of rebel cavalry dashed boldly out of the woods, and made a close reconnoissance directly in front of us, hardly a fourth of a mile distant. Our battery took position, and by a few shells which did good execution, put them to flight. But we were soon surprised by a rebel battery, to which our own responded with terrific fury. There was now heavy firing on either side. The shells were bursting around us nearer and nearer.

“The flag was getting to be a conspicuous mark. The shells were flying thicker and faster, bursting around us and over our heads. One piece of shell went between Corp. W—— and me, burying itself in the earth. A few minutes after, a heavy cannon-ball struck close beside our colonel, and threw the earth a dozen feet into the air. The rebels were getting excellent range, and our situation was becoming critical. The order was given for us to fall back under shelter of some trees; then darkness came and we lay down to rest, ready to spring into line at any moment.

“The colors were close to my side that

night, as I lay sleepless on the battle-field. During the night the enemy had approached our lines with gunboats and batteries. The firing in the morning became hot and heavy. But reinforcements were coming to us over the bridge. The Thirty-first were sent out as skirmishers, and I was ordered to the rear with the colors until they should be needed. There I remained in suspense, listening to the terrible cannonade.

“One of our regiment, of company B, was shot through the heart early in the morning, and three of our own company were wounded.

“Finally, our regiment being relieved by the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts, the adjutant rode up to us with the order, ‘Out with those colors—double quick!’ A welcome summons to the color-bearer.”

Our hero was still suffering from debility, but God sustained him wonderfully, and the successful issue of the Teche battle filled him with joy and gratitude.

His letters for some time had become infrequent, and now the pause was longer than ever. His fond parents looked for news from the army with great anxiety. The non-arrival

of letters for a few weeks was sufficient evidence that something unusual was taking place. They perused the newspapers more eagerly; and went about their daily occupations with thoughtful and care-burdened hearts.

They remembered also those words in his last letter, "We slept on the battle-field, where we had been fighting. It was cold and raining; we had no blanket to shelter us. The groans of the wounded and dying filled our hearts with sadness. Corporal P—— and myself made a mutual promise that if either should fall in death, the other would visit the home of the deceased and give particulars." But a merciful God preserved his life during these battles.

The next letter that came from the gulf department was written by a strange hand. The fears of his friends were realized. It announced Sergeant Clary's death. It was written by his college friend Sergeant Wilder, who fell at the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, April 8, 1864—a young man of much promise, a brave soldier, and a true Christian.

“CAMP NEAR PORT HUDSON, June 15, 1863.

“DEA. JOHN CLARY:

“DEAR SIR—It becomes my mournful duty to inform you of the death of your son Francis A. Clary, color-sergeant of the Thirty-first Massachusetts Volunteers.

“Yesterday morning the Thirty-first, with other regiments, advanced, with the expectation of charging upon the enemy's works, until they arrived under a line of entrenchments, where they were ordered to lie down. For some reason, no charge was ordered, and they remained in the same position all day, exposed to a galling fire.

“In the afternoon your son was mortally wounded, and lived less than an hour after. He retained his consciousness; and although in much pain at first, finally died easily. His wound was in the neck on the left side, the ball not coming out. When first struck he said, ‘I am wounded; some one else must take the colors now.’ He afterwards called several times for water, which was given him; and he bade his companions ‘good-by.’

“These facts I gathered from those who were with him when he died. As I am now

in the quarter-master's department, I was not with the regiment in battle, and had no opportunity of seeing him myself until he was gone.

"This morning I saw him laid in his last earthly resting-place, beneath the shadow of a large forest-tree.

"The night previous to his death, I had a pleasant interview with him; he appeared very cheerful and happy, and said that he had enjoyed his devotions to an unusual degree for some time previous.

"He desired me to take charge of his little diary, and said that for the few past weeks he had not had an opportunity for writing home, owing to the long and fatiguing marches, the fighting, and the care which he found it necessary to take of his health. He said that no gloomy forebodings caused him to ask me to write to you, if any thing should befall him in battle; and I am of the opinion that his usual forethought, in view of what might happen, and not any presentiment, led him to do this."

"From what I have heard my friend Clary say of his father, I know that you are one

who recognizes God's hand in every event—that you will say, ‘The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away;’ blessed be his holy name. The conduct of your son, ever since I first knew him, has been such as became a patriot and a Christian. You sorrow then, not as those without hope. The Saviour whom he loved, in whose service he lived, hoping to spend many years among the benighted of foreign lands, has called him to himself. This thought makes me feel less grieved at the loss of my friend. I know that what is our loss is his gain; and assured of this, I feel greater freedom in writing to you, and in this feeble way offering to you the balm of consolation. Few live so exemplary a life as did your son; few die a nobler death; and though dying so early, he has accomplished the work which God gave him to do.

“You must feel deeply afflicted by the disappointment of so many fond anticipations; but may God grant that like the Psalmist you may be able to say, ‘It is good for me that I have been afflicted.’ May you and those other dear ones who are called to mourn, be drawn nearer to God by this affliction, feel more of

his love in your hearts, and be able to say with childlike submission, 'Thy will be done.'"

Following this touching letter, there came some testimonials from the army.

The Greenfield Gazette published the following notice:

"JULY 6, 1863. Francis A. Clary, son of Dea. John Clary of Conway, color-bearer of the Thirty-first Massachusetts regiment, was another victim to the rebellion, in the assault on Port Hudson. He was killed while bearing the banner of freedom up to the rebel works. He is spoken of as a promising young man, and of excellent principles."

The same paper of a later date contained a testimonial from a member of his regiment.

"Sergeant Francis A. Clary of Conway, Company D, killed. He was color-sergeant, and often said he should be killed in the first severe engagement. In the army his was a beautiful example of a consistent Christian life. That he was ready to die none can doubt. 'I believe Clary was a sincere Christian,' was a remark recently made by a comrade, speaking of the occurrence. Struck with the re-

mark, I cannot help asking, what better epitaph could a man desire?"

An extract from a letter of Captain Nettleton of the same regiment, published in the Springfield Republican, and dated July 10, contains this statement: "Color-sergeant Francis A. Clary was killed holding the colors in his hands. He was a brave man, one who would not shun death, nor seek it recklessly, but who would meet it calmly and with true courage. He was a sincere and well-tried Christian—not only professing, but performing his duty; and was universally respected."

CHAPTER X.

TRIBUTES TO THE SOLDIER AND THE
CHRISTIAN.

THE death of the young soldier was a crushing blow to the friends who had centred so many hopes upon him. The work to which he had been destined was so sacred, and he so well fitted for a life of usefulness, it almost seemed as if God must spare him for the fulfilment of a mother's prayers. But the mourning hearts bowed in submissive silence, knowing that He who appoints every human lot understands best how his children can serve him, and remembering that the issues of life and of death are in his hands. While they sat thus "in the shadow of their great affliction," sorrowing, yet not without hope, many tributes to the worth of the departed came to them from friends outside the family circle. Some of these letters, whose tenderness and sympathy lightened the burden of their sorrow, illustrate also the character of Sergeant Clary.

The first is from Mrs. Howland, the mother of the boy to whom Clary wrote so long a letter from fort Jackson, and in whom he always had taken a deep interest; it is dated at her missionary home in Ceylon, Sept. 9, 1863.

“The loved Francis—how many pleasant conversations we had with him in our Conway home! He would sit down by Mr. Howland, like a son or a brother, and speak freely of his difficulties—his feelings—his plans. I remember just how he looked, when he came to bid us good-by. He said he never felt more fully persuaded than now, that he was in the path of duty.

“When we have had anxious thoughts about him, it has been a comfort to us that he had consecrated himself to the work as the Lord’s work; and we felt that he would be blessed, whatever should happen to his earthly form.

“Though you feel his death so deeply, yet how different are your feelings from those of parents whose sons entered the war impenitent. But I need not recall such thoughts to you; your own mind has supplied them. You

have had the sympathy and prayers of a large circle of friends, but the Saviour has given you that comfort which they cannot give.

“Mr. Howland spoke in monthly concert last Sabbath about Francis. We hope his example may do good here in India, and thus help to accomplish his wish to labor as a missionary.”

The following letter from Geo. W. Barber, a student at Amherst college, who had himself lost an arm in battle, shows the influence Sergeant Clary had over him.

“Oct. 11, 1863.

“I esteemed Francis as one of my dearest friends. Ever since I became acquainted with him at the Normal School at Westfield, I have been strongly attached to him. His warm heart, correct example, and self-sacrificing spirit stimulated me to set my own mark higher. His consistency and zeal in his Master’s service quickened and encouraged me more in the Christian race than any other influences that were brought to bear upon me, when I had but just commenced to run.

“When I had finished my course at West-

field, I had a desire to climb further up the hill of science, that I might make myself more useful in the world; but as my means were limited, I saw no way of attaining my desires. About this time I visited Francis at his home, and made my wishes known to him. He replied to me in substance as follows: 'Dedicate yourself to the Lord, and he will open a way before you to usefulness. If you feel it to be your duty to proclaim the gospel, do not hesitate, or expect to see the path clear from the beginning through your whole course; but take the first step in the path of duty, and the succeeding one will be more evident.' He then told me of the academy at Meriden, where I could obtain some assistance, and advised me to go there and prepare for college. I did so, and am now at Amherst.

"It was his advice that led me to make the trial, trusting in the Lord. I now feel grateful for the salutary influence which he exerted over me; and for the kind counsel and advice which he gave. I had hoped to express these thoughts to him; but I never can on earth. I hope to meet him in a world where wars and fightings are not known, and to

enjoy his society, with all the blood-washed throng around the throne of God."

C. M. Lamson, a college classmate, writes of him:

"July 27, 1863.

"We always honored him for the integrity that made him scorn those little meanness-es which college morality so often winks at. We admired in him that love of order and those correct habits of study, which go far to make up the perfect student. To mention his correct, consistent Christian character, would be to relate nothing new to you, who have watched the earnestness of his piety from the beginning, and the constant strengthening of his purpose to carry out the wishes of a dying mother.

"We missed him in our meetings for prayer, for in these he showed that his spirit walked with God. Must we not believe that his mission is now accomplished, and that his walk is where no veil hinders his vision? The first words I heard after the announcement of his fall were, 'There is one killed who went to the war because he thought it was his duty.'"

The following tribute was received from Lieut.-Col. W. S. B. Hopkins, of the Thirty-first Massachusetts Volunteers.

“BATON ROUGE, LA., Sept. 22, 1863.

“Your letter of the 7th inst., making inquiries about the late Sergeant Francis A. Clary, was duly received, and although I am unacquainted with his history before his enlistment, I gladly pay my tribute of honor to the memory of a brave soldier.

“Sergeant Clary left Amherst college and enlisted in a company which I was then raising for one of the regiments which Gen. Butler was organizing in Massachusetts for his expedition against New Orleans. He was early selected for color-sergeant of the regiment, on account of his soldierly bearing, and the accuracy of his marching. From the first, every one felt that the colors were safe in the hands of Clary; for there was in him that quiet but intelligent determination, which stamped him as a gallant man, even before his bravery was ever tested.

“If a life of consistent Christianity, without obtrusiveness, amid all the excitement of

army life, can make bravery more admirable, then was Clary a model soldier.

"I think that he always had the impression that he should not live long. His position in line of battle, as the bearer of the colors, was one of more than common danger, and that fact he fully appreciated. He was however at last killed by a chance shot, when the regiment lay on the field, within two hundred yards of the guns of Port Hudson. Through three other battles, he had borne himself gallantly and safely. He was reserved as a sacrifice for the last fight of that siege which finally opened the Mississippi river.

"Beloved by his comrades, respected and admired by all, he died the death of a Christian soldier. Able, gallant, and conscientious, he has fallen in his prime, without any other personal glory than that he died a patriot martyr. Who would wish more?"

Sergeant Wilder was with the subject of this memoir during his army life probably more than any other person, and we add one more letter from him, written to a friend of the deceased soldier.

“From the time of Sergeant Clary’s enlistment until his death, we were together much, and I can testify truly to his worth. Dearly as he loved his country, he loved his heavenly Master better, and in volunteering to defend the one, he sincerely believed he was advancing the cause of the other. Few mark out for themselves so self-denying a life as he did; but I know from what I heard him repeatedly say, after the hardships of a soldier’s life had been experienced, and ample time had elapsed for the early enthusiasm to subside, that he never regretted his course in entering the army.

“That so conscientious a young man as Sergeant Clary should have been so fully persuaded that this was his post of duty, instead of being in China in fulfilment of his long-cherished plans to become a missionary of the Cross, is one of the highest tributes to the real nature of our cause, and to the motives which actuate many of its defenders. Religion to him was not a Sabbath garb, donned once a week; it was the deep controlling influence which moulded his whole life. In private, he was much given to med-

itation and prayer; and I have recently heard one who was with him much during the long marches in the Teche country and to Port Hudson, remark that from morning till night, when not otherwise necessarily employed, he was engaged in devotion. With truth can it be said of him, he walked with God.

“He was very sensitive, earnestly desiring the good opinion of others; but he never allowed this to interfere with his duty, whatever odium he might incur by its performance.

“As a soldier he held a high place. Ever faithful in the discharge of his duties, he never grumbled at the trials incident to a soldier's life, but cheerfully bore them, and so far from shirking any part of his duty, he seemed to desire to know and perform work from which he might have been exempt. For instance, at fort Jackson, where the regiment remained as garrison for many months, he voluntarily went on guard, participated in the drills, and performed other duties, which as color-sergeant he might have avoided. His tall manly form we shall no longer see bearing the colors of the Thirty-first; but

the example which he set us of true piety and ardent patriotism, will not soon pass away. Those who were but slightly acquainted with him unite in praise of his worth; while others more familiar with him feel most deeply that by his removal they are bereft of a friend whose loss cannot be made good. As a Christian, I know of no one in the regiment who is worthy to wear the mantle of Sergeant Clary."

Thus those who knew him well, loved and appreciated him; but the Friend above who called him so early home, knew and loved him better still. His virtues blossom now in the light of a sinless world, in the sunshine of his Saviour's nearer smile.

If none other wears his mantle, every soldier may share the grace that made him what he was—a true man, a brave soldier, and a devoted Christian.

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

THE death of one who falls in a noble cause, is like a torch at which the enthusiasm of survivors is kindled. The flame of heroic emulation flashed up in the soul of many a young man who had not yet enlisted in the army of the Union and of freedom, when he heard that another color-bearer had been struck down by rebel bullets in the attack upon Port Hudson.

That young color-bearer held yet another flag in sight of his regiment—the banner of the Cross. “Conquer by this,” had long been his motto; and under this banner have the great victories of the world been achieved.

The struggle in which our nation is engaged would indeed be a fruitless one, if the Cross, if the pure principles of Christianity thereby typified, were not its deepest source of inspiration. When Clary fell, calling, “I am wounded; some one else must take the colors

now;" he spoke for the standard of the Cross as well as for that of the Union. How many of his fellow-soldiers have felt the meaning of his dying cry, and have rushed to catch *both* banners from his faithful hand?

If the death of a good soldier speaks so loudly to his comrades, what then is the message of his life? When a spirit so full of holy enthusiasm as his passes away from earth, we feel more deeply the need of true men—men of sincerity, energy, and unfaltering principle. The world itself is bereaved when a young man of such promise dies. The barren plains of China mourn for Clary, as well as the bright hills and blossoming fields of his pleasant Conway home. Christian ardor and resolution like his are rare, yet not unattainable.

The work that dropped from his dying hands has the same need of accomplishment as if he had lived. There is a yet louder demand than ever for Christian soldiers, Christian citizens, and Christian missionaries, because of those who have fallen in the dew of their early consecration. The blood of the martyred dead calls out to their brethren

from the ground, to fill the posts they so bravely held on the battle-field of life. If ever there was a time when the young men of the nation should especially feel their responsibility to God and their fellow-beings, it is now.

And the secret of Sergeant Clary's excellent life, at home, at college, and in the army—that which gives the clue to his faithfulness in meeting duty, his calmness and courage in facing danger—is his constant reliance upon the Saviour in whom he trusted, his habitual reference of all that concerned himself and his friends to the power and love of God. The word of God was dear to him—the companion of his days and nights on the battle-field. On the morning of June 14, he read his last chapter, the second of the second epistle to Timothy. Surely he had endured “hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.”

The 11th, 12th, 13th, and 15th verses were marked by his own hand, as having been committed to memory on the morning of his last day spent on earth.

The fifteenth verse, the last one marked in

his Testament, must ever bring a precious memory to his friends, as giving the key to his early closed life; and as showing that to his latest hour he cherished faithfully the thought of his early vows, "Study to show thyself approved of God."

He had for some months previous been reading in the "Soldier's Text-Book." The passage of Scripture in that, for the morning of the fifteenth, was peculiarly appropriate: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." Rev. 21:4. The accompanying beautiful remarks are, "Happy prospect, when I shall forget my present aching hours, this racked body and wearied spirit, and be ushered into the bright sunshine of a tearless, painless, sorrowless world."

"Oh, that I had wings like a dove; for then would I fly away, and be at rest."

And doubtless in those last fearful hours of the battle-field, he remembered and adopted as his own the words of his favorite psalm, the 27th: "For in the time of trouble he

shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock. And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord."

The source at which this young soldier quenched his soul's thirst in hours of bodily and spiritual conflict, is free to all. The treasure-house that supplied him with sword and shield, and armor of proof, remains open; and the cause of the nation, of humanity, of God, calls aloud for defenders.

First a soldier of Christ, then of his country; this was Sergeant Clary's example.

There is loneliness in the home that once echoed to his footsteps, in the hearts where the fragrance of his memory yet lingers. They who are regretted in death are they who have blessed others by the usefulness and holiness of their lives.

But the voice of the Christian hero is not wholly hushed by the ceasing of his mortal breath. Clary yet speaks; and the message that comes from his grave, and from his

abode of peace in the heavenly world, is this:

“Live in the truth. Die for the truth.”

“Fight the good fight; lay hold
Upon eternal life:
Keep but thy shield—be bold;
Stand through the hottest strife.
With thy great Captain on the field,
Thou canst not fail, unless thou yield.

“Trust in thy Saviour’s might;
Yea, till thy latest breath
Fight, and like him in fight,
By winning, conquer death;
And all-victorious in the field,
Then, with thy sword, thy spirit yield.”

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